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A FERN LUNCHEON.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

IF my lady is a householder either in city or country during July, then she must have a real green and white luncheon. Out from the mossy sheeded dells her servitors at the florists bring her a largess of maiden-hair fern, dainty, drooping and graceful as her own gentle self. Then on the snowy linen covered board she arranges her centerpiece. This shows no coloring save green embroidery or an edge of small Japanese gold thread attached by Asiatic couching silk of the same tint, around open or cut work. Under the linen is laid a piece of

is destined ere many seasons pass to be better known than now.

In soup, asparagus, spinach and in one or another dish colored by the pistachio nut, green and white reign supreme, and yet tempt the palate excellently well. Then there are deep raspberry tartlets and a mead to taste of which dulls the desire for stronger beverages. As raspberry vinegar, a most refreshing cordial, it is thus previously prepared by my lady: Over a gallon of fresh berries placed in a stone jar, she poured one quart of good cider vinegar. This was closely covered. In two weeks the liquid was strained out of the berries and poured over two quarts of fresh berries. Again it was mashed and strained, and again, if not rich enough poured over more berries. To every

them of their skins. Into the pulp was stirred a heaping teaspoonful of butter, one cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Over it was poured a meringue made out of the three beaten whites of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar.

IN place of white damask my lady sometimes chooses her green luncheon to be marked by a tablecloth of green saten, not satin. That it is of the finest, sheerest quality goes without saying. Only the touch can detect the difference from silk. It is wrinkled upon the board, and in the soft, irregular folds are inserted the stems of white flowers. These are strewn at intervals between the dishes. The centerpiece is a mass of white roses. From the midst rises nodding plumes of maiden-hair ferns, bending gracefully over their fragrant neighbors. A small trio of the ferns with a trio of roses fills the slender vases at either plate. The bread, cut thin as a wafer, is rolled and held in shape by a toothpick, while out of one end peeps a bit of green parsley. Where the table is large a lakelet of water, held in a glass bowl, sunk in a bank of moss, is the centerpiece. The bottom must be covered with white pebbles.

DECORATIVE NOTES.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

MY lady, the other day, seated in her favorite nook, discoursed most entertainingly upon the artistic tendencies of the age. Combining these with an ever-increasing desire for ease and comfort, she declared that in these three respects no century had ever equaled this. As an illustration she dilated upon the manifold uses of the couch and its pillows. Here followeth a summary:

It was Cowper—was it not?—who sang the sofa. In those days it had evolved nothing more sumptuous than the stiff, straight, narrow and high seat, with a curved back and scroll-like arms. Stiff were the generations that occupied them, and stilted their speech and manners. With our *dolce far niente*, tempering the nervous American irritability, we have produced a multi-



Design for Heading of Chapter. By L. Ewing.

India silk of the exact shade of the fern. If the centerpiece is laid across the width of the table, scarfwise, or if made in the form of a Maltese cross, with arms of equal length, it will be a newer fashion than to have it circular or diamond shape.

THE china, too, must be snow white, and of an egg shell thinness. This may only be varied by narrow green edges or even gilt edges, but the rims must be narrow. About the table everything must be extremely delicate, to match with the fine fronds of the ferns. Should she so choose, my lady will have her centerpiece wrought with the maiden-hair design, with Asiatic felo-floss. Also the doilies. But the work must be fine and finished or be left undone.

A CENTRAL mirror, edged with moss, and from this apparently growing nodding fronds, some large, some small, is set upon the linen. In the middle of all is a cut glass bowl or vase, holding more fronds, bending toward their own reflections. Interspersed with them, within the outer ring of fronds, are a few pure white lilies with golden centers, but not enough to fill the air with heavy faintness. Lacking lilies, any other white flower, like the rose, such as the Mme. Plantier, may take their places and nod and whisper, Narcissus-like, at their own beauteous reflections. Beside each plate a slender vase holds the frond and flower.

FOR fruitage to match the meek flowers and fronds my lady uses the white raspberry. It has a most delicious flavor and a rare, and, because of its paleness and its novelty, is all too little known. Large, aromatic, juicy, and with a peculiar translucent hue, the white raspberry

quart of the resulting aromatic vinegar she allowed one pound and one-half of sugar. It was heated to the boiling point, skimmed and then bottled and sealed. A tablespoonful of raspberry vinegar added to a small glass of cracked ice and water is a cordial that should be used in summer time in place of soda.

AS she chooses, my lady uses the rare and piquant gooseberry for her fruit, alternating with the raspberries, and giving two flavors to the viands. Each, in this way, empha-



Design for Heading of Chapter. By W. Armstrong.

sizes the other. In England, where the juicy fruit grows superbly, the hostess learned to prepare a dish seldom seen in this country. It is called "Gooseberry Fool" and was made the day previous to the luncheon. After the blossoms and stems of a quart of the gooseberry were clipped off, they were stewed with a cup of water and mashed through a colander to clear

tude of seats, designated couches, lounges and sofas, from the cheap tenement house article to a sumptuous and elegant furnishing.

One of the most curious and decorative of couches is that made of the size and somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned trundle bed. It is low, as all such things ought to be, and measures nearly the same each way. It should not